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C. J. Taylor.

KING CANNOT.

The King :—BACK, I SAY. BY THIS MIGHTY WAND, BACK, OR I LL BALK THINE APPROPRIATION AND TRY —

The Jester :—OIL !!



VOL. III. MARCH 6TH, 1884. NO. 62.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL sent a dispatch to this office eight days ago asking space for a reply to the few notes appended to his letter in LIFE. A telegram was sent in return, to welcome the distinguished theologian's screed, but up to the hour of going to press no word has been received from him. We are led to infer that either the MONSIGNOR's time has been too much engrossed to admit of his resuming the lance in our petty tourney, or that his most valuable promised letter has gone astray. In justice to him, this notice becomes necessary.

A CORRESPONDENT of our sagacious contemporary, *The Boston Post*, is led to believe that the wreck of the "City of Columbus" was due to the standard variation of the compass. This is no doubt true, but there is some scientific ground for the belief that if the vessel had been in charge of men who knew a lighthouse from the full moon, the compass might not have varied quite so disastrously. To attempt to cover up the recklessness which caused such terrible loss is to be accessory to a crime.

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS had a bad eye and several kings when the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH opened the first jack-pot at the regular meeting of the Thompson Street POKER CLUB, Saturday evening. Mr. GUS JOHNSON saw that a powerful brew of mischief was at hand, and prudently laid down two pair; while Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES, who had a severe cold, a pair of eights, and very little horse sense, came in.

"I rise dat two dollahs," said Mr. WILLIAMS, quietly, but with truculence of intent.

"Yo' 's gittin' too brash," rejoined the Rev. Mr. SMITH, testily. "Ef yo' tinks yo' 's de Vandybilk er dis pahty, jess—jess stack 'em up. I rise yo' six dollahs."

Mr. WILLIAMS considered for a moment, during which time he thoughtfully examined the cards which with great foresight he had previously pinned to the leg of the table.

"I calls," he said, at length. "Gimme two cyards."

Mr. WHIFFLES fled.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH dealt Mr. WILLIAMS two cards, and conscientiously helped himself to the last ten-spot remaining in the pack. He then banded the honored wallet on the table and said:

"Leven dollahs."

"I calls yo'," said Mr. WILLIAMS, secretly unpinning the hidden hand, and counting out the money.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH swept the pot into his pocket.

"Wha—whadjer doin'?" gasped Mr. WILLIAMS, aghast at this unparliamentary proceeding.

"Fo' tens," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH, showing down that remarkable hand. "How many freckles yo' got on yo' han'?" he inquired.

"I se—I se jess—jess clum over yo' tens," said Mr. WILLIAMS, with an effort to be calm and look honest.

"Shome up," said the reverend gentleman.

Mr. WILLIAMS unfolded four jacks. They were all there.

"Wharjer get um?" was the next point in the Rev. Mr. SMITH's catechism.

"Outen de pack, er course," said Mr. WILLIAMS, breathing hard.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH's reply was to reach over and weave his fingers firmly through the roots of Mr. WILLIAMS's hair. Then he thrashed around the room with him for a few excited minutes and then sat down upon him. Mr. WILLIAMS still breathed heavily.

"Wharjer get dem jacks?"

"Outen de pack," again responded Mr. WILLIAMS, making a feeble effort to get up.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH butted his head nineteen times against the floor with great rapidity and violence, and again inquired softly:

"Wharjer gettum?"

"Outen de pack. Leggo my kinks," urged Mr. WILLIAMS, still breathing heavily. Again his head was butted violently against the floor until the landlord on the floor above was impressed with the idea that the Club was refreshing itself with a solo on the bass drum.

"Whar—jer—git—dem—jacks?" inquired the Rev. Mr. SMITH, emphasizing each word with a double butt.

"Outen—de—" here Mr. WILLIAMS faltered.

"Outen de what?" asked the Rev. Mr. SMITH with a temporary cessation of hostilities.

"De bug," said Mr. WILLIAMS, doggedly. "Lemme up."

The Rev. Mr. SMITH unloaded himself from Mr. WILLIAMS's abdomen, rose, crossed the room and possessed himself of the extra cards pinned to the table.

"Dis whadjer call de bug?" he asked.

"Yezzah," said Mr. WILLIAMS, gloomy but respectful.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH assumed his overcoat. Then he replied to Mr. WILLIAMS.

"TOOT, by de prowishuns of rule sixty fo', yo am suspended till de next meetin', an' doan yo' work de bug no mo'. Mistah CYANIDE WHIFFLES an' GUS JOHNSON will now come down ter de s'loon an rassle wif a sassenger an' some beer."

The Club then adjourned.

Mr. WILLIAMS breathed heavily.



ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

Mr. Dudley Villiers (who writes poetry "just for relaxation, you know"): I SEE YOU HAVE MY VERSES, MRS. GREEN; HAVE YOU READ THEM?

Mrs. G.: OH! YES, I ALMOST KNOW THEM BY HEART.

Mr. D. V. (with a little thrill): REALLY!

Mrs. G.: YES, INDEED! I READ THE CHILDREN TO SLEEP WITH THEM EVERY NIGHT.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

(RONDEAUX).

I.

IN priestly guise he sat to hear
Confession, he whose lips austere
Once laughed below a long mustache,
What time he swung a sabretache
And swaggered as a cavalier!

He donned this garb once when his ear
Heard, at a masked ball, troth-plight clear.
'T was one who marked the soldier's sash
In priestly guise.

Later his sword upon love's bier
He laid; left all life held most dear,
Curbing his froward blood's hot dash,
Till, mortified by fast and lash,
What carnal onslaughts need he fear
In priestly guise?

II.

There, to the stall, one eve she came,
A lady free of outward blame;
Heart-heavy, heart-sore, none the less,
For all her rustling, silken dress
And diamonds in the dusk aflame!

He heard that voice absolution claim,
Whose tones of old—dear Lord, the same!—
Made, at the opera, gallants press
There to the stall.

He heard her whisper but one name—
He, whose strong love years failed to tame.
Vain had been all his strife and stress!
He strangled as he strove to bless,
Feeling how sure was fate's last aim
There to the stall!

JOHN MORAN.



SYMPATHY.

POOR THINGS! HE'S SO DREADFULLY THIN I'M SURE THERE 'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.



A PROTEST AGAINST PHILISTINISM.

THERE are books which should be punctuated throughout with interrogation marks, and "The Pagans," by Arlo Bates, is one of them. Perpetual conundrums, born of doubt and disgust with the accepted order of things, are uncomfortable reading. It is not conducive to the happiness of the average man to be forced to mentally comment on every page, "I give it up." Perhaps the best motto for this story would have been:

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

It suggests the desirability of some mental and moral paregoric or soothing syrup as a cure for the trouble.

The Pagans were a band of Boston artists and literary men who "represented the protest of the artistic soul against shams. They stood for sincerity above everything; for utter honesty in art, in life, in manners and morals alike. To them Philistinism was the substitution of convention for conviction." They, therefore, had no tolerance for dogma or authority. One may sympathize with these iconoclasts, but when he looks around for the new and fairer gods which they would have him worship he sees only the unsightly fragments of the old statues which have been hurled from their pedestals. Slavery to a creed may be bad enough, but it won't help matters to believe that "art is the universal, where religion is the provincial," or that "a man's soul is a matter of very little moment as compared to his imagination." On the latter principle Col. Sellers or Eli Perkins might be canonized.

The chief characteristic of the book is its epigrams. It may be said of them as once was said of Emerson's, some are "true and not new," others are "new and not true." Among the best of them are the following: "New York is the home of barbarism and Boston of Philistinism; while Cincinnati is a chromo imitation of both." "The subtlest form of hypocrisy often consists in what we call being honest with ourselves." "The whole history of mankind is a protest against death." "Principle is only formulated policy." Among the worst of them are: "Emerson lacked the loftiness of vice; he was eternally narrow." "A lie is only the truth agreeably and effectively told." "I should never be satisfied with anything short of omnipotence and omniscience, and annihilation is the only refuge for a nature like that."

DROCH.

IT has been said by Cobden that we must remain ignorant of the social condition of Turkey because it is indescribable. Some little glimpse, however, into the inner life of the people is afforded us in the book before us, "A Tragedy at Constantinople," written by Leila-Hanoum—hanoum being the title given to Turkish ladies, and meaning madam or lady. This little story is strictly historical, and of our own times. Some of the characters are still living, and the translator assures the reader that he will find in the book a faithful and graphic delineation of Moslem society. There is a pleasant Oriental, "Arabian-Nights" flavor about the tale which enables us to read, without flinching, of horrors that ought to freeze our blood. Somehow the horrors and the houris get mixed up in our minds, so that in the end we do not care very much about either.

The book is worth reading. The revolution of 1870, ending in the deposition and subsequent suicide of the Sultan (Abdul-Aziz) is well described.

H. S. H.

A WORLD women live in, is a world of trouble.



Unreasonable Old Party: THOUGHT I HAD GOT THROUGH WITH YOU, EH? JUST COME DOWN HERE A WHILE LONGER.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE HOME JUMBLE.]

LAST Monday evening a wedding that had been eagerly anticipated by others as well as the contracting parties, came off in the new and fashionable church of St. Olaff, where a few more unrented pews may now be secured at prices ranging from one to two thousand dollars per year, and Mr. Slim, a *habitué* of the most exclusive society, was united in the holy government bonds of matrimony to Miss Minnie Flash, only daughter of the well-known billionaire. Miss Flash is a charming brunette, seventeen years and six months old, stands fourteen hands high in her dancing slippers, and has a record of fifty thousand a year. She was educated abroad, and is a remarkable linguist, being proficient in all modern languages, including even her mother tongue. Many of our fashionable people will remember the magnificent and brilliant entertainment that marked her entrance into society four winters since.

The bride wore a dress entirely of lace, trimmed with the same material, costing, it is said, a square twenty-five thousand dollars, and the *chef d'œuvre* of Mad. Donovan. In lieu of the ordinary bouquet, she carried in her hand a check for one million dollars, the gift of her father. Orange blossoms, from Plunder, and in fact all flowers having lately been voted by the best society, as being entirely too inexpensive for these occasions, she wore instead a superb tiara of gems of the clearest water, procured from the well-known firm of Tiffin & Co., who keep constantly on hand a large stock of ornaments, which can be rented on very reasonable terms, with moderate security. A notable feature of the ceremony was the presence in the church of a whole company of the Seventh Regiment, in full uniform, with accoutrements, who escorted the bridal party to the altar and back. This is a new wrinkle of society, and is bound to become very popular. The

reception at the home of the bride was a grand affair, and the crush was tremendous, as there were more than five thousand invitations issued, nearly all of which were responded to. Moreices furnished an elegant supper, and has kindly promised to furnish us with a copy of the bill, the items of which we will have the pleasure of shortly publishing. Mr. and Mrs. Slim have chartered the entire first cabin of one of the White Star steamers, and will sail for Europe next week.

BE thou as solemn as a pump and as silent as a tombstone, and thou wilt be called full of wisdom.

TRUTH is stranger than friction.

COMMENTS ON "THE NEXT PRESIDENCY."

(*N. Y. Half-Breed Gazette.*)

THE Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, in a recent article in the *Century* magazine, gives an able review of the political situation. It is easy to see that in drawing the ideal President, the eminent lawyer has had in view the familiar form of the Hon. J. G. Blaine, of Maine.

(*The Shiner.*)

Ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh has drawn an exceedingly graceful picture of Hon. W. S. Holman, of Indiana, as the coming President of the United States in an able article in the last number of the *Century*.

(*The N. Y. Tammanyerat.*)

Mr. John Kelly's boom for the next Presidency is assuming majestic proportions. In a paper on the "Next Presidency" in the last issue of the *Century*, even the most superficial reader will at once recognize the "liniments" of our great leader.

(*An Interview with John Sherman.*)

"Have you seen Mr. MacVeagh's paper on the 'Next Presidency'?"

"Yes, sir, and I may say that it is exceedingly gratifying to me to have that gentleman come out with such material aid for my advancement."

(*How President Arthur Regards It.*)

"He has drawn a very vivid picture, but this 'boom,' as you newspaper men call it, is too premature, and may ruin my chances. I was fishing off Fire Island one Sunday afternoon with some of the boys, and was having immense luck trolling, when just as I was hauling in a twenty-pound blue, we took a tack and the boom floored me. I fear this is MacVeagh's intention. I must leave you now, as Mr. Ochiltree's dinner to Bismarck is at eight. Alick, I'm going to eat lobster salade to-night, so you'd better have the Secretary of the Interior here when I come home."

Here the President put a full-blown Jacqueminot in his lappel and skipped airily away.

(*Ex-Hon. Roscoe Conkling.*)

"It is very evident that Mr. MacVeagh's mind was upon me when he wrote that article."

(*Ditto Platt.*)

"Me too."

(*Mrs. Hayes' Husband.*)

"She says it's me and I dassent say 't aint '!"

J. K. B.

THE many are called (candidates) but one is chosen.

I HAVE N'T no idea.—The remark of the blind man to the girl who wanted him to admire the scenery.

EUPHEMISMS are all very well in their way, but when it comes to saying that St. Stephen was "rocked to sleep," it is carrying the thing a little too far.

THE SPRING POET.

WHEN the sun has thawed the snow,
When once more the flowers blow;
When the birds begin to sing,
Blythe at the return of Spring,
Then the poet in his den,
Seizing on a brand-new pen,
Inks it gayly, murmuring,
"Let me, too, begin to sing!"

Hours doth the poet toil,
Wasting quarts of midnight oil;
Till his work complete he sees,
Full of blossoms, lambs and trees,
Birds, and brooks, and April skies—
Joyously the poet cries:
"I must do but one thing more,
Send it to the editor!"

Waits the poet anxiously
For the editor's reply.
Smiles the poet, full of hope,
As he breaks the envelope.
It contains a printed slip—
Dies the laughter from his lip,
As it dawns upon his mind
That his poem is declined!

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

THE ESTIMABLE CONVICT.

EZRA BELKINSOP was the son of most excellent and religious parents. He passed his childhood in an atmosphere of Bible texts and admirable precepts, and surrounded by companions of such exemplary goodness that they were always lurking in ambush for an opportunity to forgive some one. Yet Ezra Belkinsop was thoroughly bad. There was no soft spot in his heart, no good side to his character.

The village clergyman said that everybody had their good points if we would only go about in the right way to find them. So the worthy man would take Ezra into his study, and with tears in his eyes plead with him and entreat him to give his virtuous inclinations a chance. Once when the good clergyman had tried many ways of touching Ezra's heart in vain, he bethought himself of another expedient. He brought his sweet, cooing little daughter—a tender, innocent thing—for Ezra to look at and be softened; but Ezra gleefully set her clothes on fire and ran.

As Ezra grew up he became worse and worse, and finally he was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the state prison. No sooner was he shut up in jail than he changed most suddenly and completely. He became oppressively good. He spent most of his nights in praying, and often in the daytime he would beg the overseer in the workshop to give him a short respite for prayer and thanksgiving. Time and again on Sundays, and in odd moments of leisure, the warders would find him sitting in his cell with his eyes filled with tears. When they asked him why he was so sad, he would only sob "Mother, Mother!"

One day a sweet little girl came through the prison, and when Ezra saw her he broke out into an agony of convulsive sobs. The turnkeys, the overseers, and

warders all resigned in turn. They said they were too sinful to be the keepers of such a man, and they individually asked his blessing when they went away.

The attention of the Governor was soon called to the beautiful character of Ezra Belkinsop, and a pardon was easily secured after Ezra had been confined but five months. Ezra prayed for several hours and wept silently a long time the night before his departure. No sooner had he left the prison, however, than he became even more maliciously wicked than he had been before he went in. On the most trying occasions he refused to give any evidence of possessing a single good point. The little child that crept into bed with him one night, and confidently threw its soft, round arms about his neck and pressed its warm, smooth cheek against his hairy face, did not make him resolve for a moment to be a better man in the future. He simply strangled the child. Ezra used to keep looking anxiously around for a chance to be wicked.

After a short time Ezra went back to prison on a life sentence, and immediately he became the uncomfortably good man he had been before. He was so very good that his fellow convicts were infected with goodness through him. Praying became so prevalent on all sides that the prison might well have been mistaken for a European monastery. Of course, the prison officers could n't stand this; they begged leave to go away somewhere and repent.

Inside of a year Ezra was again pardoned by a well-meaning but ignorant Governor, and again he went and wallowed in a career of crime. He is now returned to prison, and I am daily expecting to hear of his pardon; but really I cannot understand why, when a man makes a good convict, the whole community, headed by the Governor, should conspire to turn him into a bad citizen.

ERNEST L. THAYER.

IN MEMORIAM.

HE is dead! He is dead!
Struck on the head
By a brick from a chimney descending.
And oh! we are sadder,
But we know up the ladder
Our dear little Willie's ascending.

No flowers.

Philadelphia Ledger please copy.

It is probable that beef tea was invented about the time Henry VIII. dissolved the Papal bull.

WHY is a convert to the Catholic Church like a virtuous goose?—Because she sticks to the Propaganda.

A FURNITURE dealer in this city advertises cradles at bed rock prices.



TO J. B.

COURAGE thou hast, John Bull, and strength
and skill,

Heaping thine isle with gain from weaker races,
Thy trade must force its channels where it will,
Flaunting the red cross flag in all their faces
Who stand where thy hard eye a profit traces.

Ireland and the East writhe under thee; within,
Progress with poverty, by George, is rife;

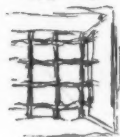
And that old man who, in thy present need,
Would thy blind, scoffing souls to justice win,
For fit reward must win in nobler strife.



W. Heathwood



When a murder is committed
in the Eastern States



We do everything decently
and in order:

In the course of six months
or so



The Murderer
is Locked up

And his Portrait is Published in the Official
Organ of the Police



him to the notice of the
Society for the Encouragement
of Discouraged Brutes.



But
County
Involved
Degree



W.A. ROGERS

But in the Brutal West it is different, and

*** A year or two later, he is brought to trial before a jury of Idiots Intelligence:



But, owing to the Eloquence of his Counsel Escapes with a verdict Involuntary Manslaughter in the 3rd Degree, with a recommendation to Mercy.



different, and somewhat more effective

The Murderer has scarcely arrived at the States Prison, when the SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of DISCOURAGED BRUTES proceed to make the Governor's life a burden with petitions for his Release



FINIS .



THE CAT BATTERY.

(PATENTED APRIL 1, 1883.)

AS early as 2306 B. C., Sarcophagus, the Egyptian philosopher, accidentally discovered the electric energy of the cat. Having accidentally sat upon his private cat one evening, while that pampered animal was taking a nap in the arm-chair, he was surprised to find himself enriched with a violently galvanic sensation, together with a sudden desire to stand up and say something. Subsequent investigations led him to the conclusion that the energy of the cat, like latent heat, might be developed by sudden compression. He gave this theory to the world in a celebrated treatise which he wrote that night on the mantel-piece; but eventually died without discovering the true nature of the phenomenon. But after this the domestic Egyptian cat was never sat upon—a fact which gave rise to the modern belief that it was a sacred animal. Two centuries later, Obeliskus Mummi, the famous metaphysician of Memphis, while experimenting with two cats suspended from a clothes-line, observed that a strong repulsion existed between them, but was ignorant of its cause. Various other philosophers commented upon cats, and endeavored to explain this phenomena, but it remained for Benjamin Franklin to reveal the long hidden secret. Franklin's attention was called to the subject in a curious way. To weight his electrical kite, he had suspended to it, by the tail, his cook's cat. A thunder-cloud was passing at the time, and Franklin noticed the hairs of the animal's continuation separate and stand on end. This, he knew, was a sign of excitement, and he at once concluded that the excitement was electrical.

The results of his subsequent investigations are too well known to need reference; and the Franklin Theory of Cats is that great man's chiefest glory.

With this brief introduction we come now to practical elucidation of the principle upon which the Cat Battery works.

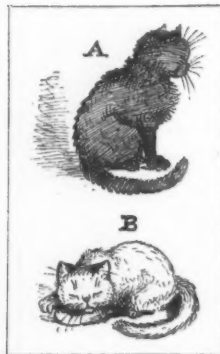


PLATE I.

Cats, according to Tyndall, are either electro-positive or electro-negative. When in the neutral state (see Plate I.) both fluids are combined, and the most sensitive galvanometer can detect no current. Thus insulated, neither A nor B exhibits either attraction or repulsion for surrounding objects, excepting for a hot stove or a piece of fish. But this affinity, according to the recent investigations of Siemens and Halske, is the result of chemical and not electrical attraction.

Now, however, let us submit electro-positive cat A and electro-negative cat B to exciting influences (see Plate II).



PLATE II.

Instantly we observe the development of electrical energy—A being strongly positive that he is the better cat, while B is as violently negative. This, as has been proved by the experiments of Prescott, Edison, and others, is due to induction; each cat trying to induce the other to believe he is n't afraid.

This electrical state of activity is accompanied by all the well-known electro-static phenomena. The hairs of each cat stand on end, and surrounding objects—such as bootjacks, soap, cough-medicine bottles, and crockery—may be attracted with great velocity from distances of 100 to 250 feet.

Cats are absolute non-conductors. This fact was discovered in 1876 by Gerritt Smith, while vainly endeavoring to conduct a cat out of the coal cellar. It might be urged, therefore, that they had high internal resistance. This is not true. The external resistance (again glance at Plate II) is very high, but the internal resistance is never over one Ohm ("ome" or "home," to give German, English and American terms), while in many cases it is less, as is witnessed by the fact that there are 1,317,009 ohmless cats in this city alone. But while the internal resistance is surprisingly low, the intensity is so high that by inductive influence alone two cat elements can maintain a whole neighborhood in a state of electrical excitement for hours.

To utilize the currents generated by the action of the Cat Battery,

and at the same time make it more constant, we resort to a simple contrivance, invented by the assistant electrician of the Eastern Union Telegraph Company. It consists simply (see Plate III) of a bifurcated metallic spring-jack pin with a 20 lb. grip at *a--a*, provided with a binding screw *s* and hole to insert wire at *e*. It is applied as shown in Plate IV—the spring-jack gripping the tail *T* at *b* and the conductor being inserted and bound by the spring *s*.



PLATE III.



PLATE IV.

One complete set or couple of cat elements having, according to Haskins, a potential of 47 volts, the simplest form of medical battery is that shown in Plate V. The metallic tub is filled with hot or cold water or both from the faucets *MM*. The elements *AB* are thus excited, and the continuous current passes from the spring-jacks *cc* to *F* and *B*, forming a complete circuit through the patient, as shown.



PLATE V.

As the cat elements reverse themselves very often during the action of the battery, no pole changer is required. The pressure of the spring-jacks *cc* is found to keep the current constant for a considerable time, although Bunnell recommends that both elements, *A* and *B*, be well amalgamated with turpentine while setting the battery up.

Uniting a high electro-motive force with a quantity of many farads, the cat battery is found useful for the production of the arc light. Tillotson's arrangement is probably the best of these, and is shown in Plate VI. The electro-positive element is connected by stout copper wire to the lamp *S* by the binding post *B*, and the electro-negative element similarly to *B'*. The sum of battery resistance at *F* will be found to

exactly balance that of the arc *N*, hence no regulator is required, and a constant current is thus maintained until the battery wears itself out.

For batteries of high tension and immense quantity, four or more couples may be connected for intensity,

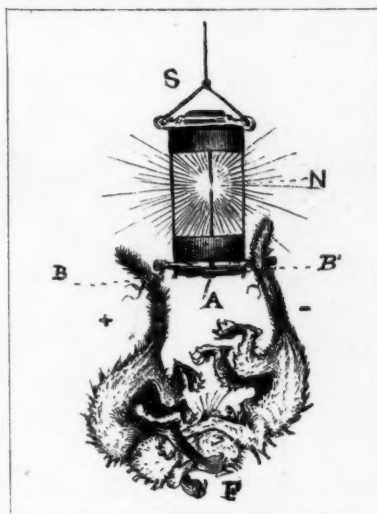


PLATE VI.

as shown in Plate VII. The couplings *CCCC* are of No. 18 copper, wound very tightly, and moistened with mustard. The terminal spring jacks *SS'* are of extra power, and convey the current to the discharger *X*, between the poles of which a vivid torrent of sparks will pass as long as the battery is in action. Sterns' recent investigations show that four such complete sets will develop a current whose energy is 9,000 volts and whose quantity is 640 farads. The only drawback to the Cat Battery is found in the wear and tear of material, but as the supply in New York and Hoboken is practically inexhaustible, the Eastern Union Telegraph Company has found it to be the most economical in use.

H. G. C.

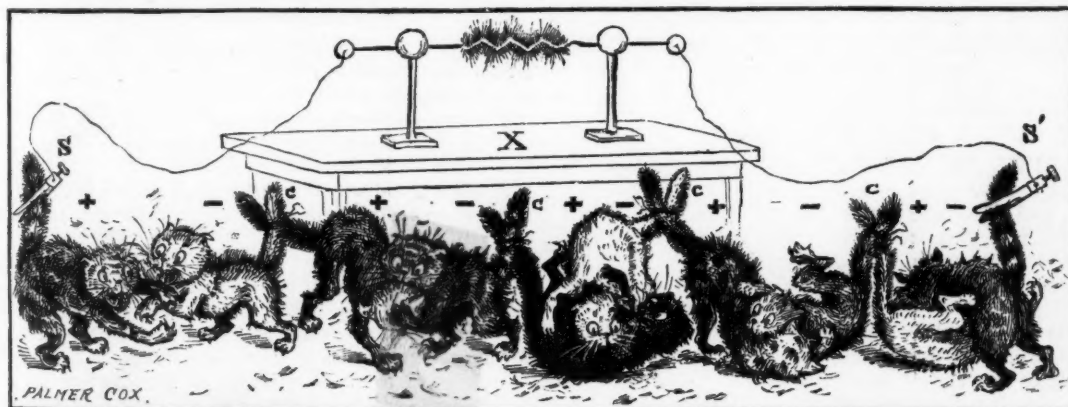


PLATE VII.



THE THOMPSON ST. COTERIE, BY PARTICULAR REQUEST, VISITS THE PARK. MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS UNDERTAKES TO SHOW THEM WHAT CRACK SKATING REALLY IS.

POPULAR DISEASES AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

IV.—RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is said to be somewhat chronic when a person has enjoyed it for forty-three years and dies before the last medicine taken could produce its legitimate effect. This argues in favor of rheumatism as a desirable disease.

It is a spicy disease; for, like LIFE, it has many varieties, which are too numerous to mention.

It is not found in sacred or profane history by a person who does not search the authorities.

Among the easiest ways to obtain rheumatism is to sit in a draft without a coat, to bet the limit on an ace flush and get into a perspiration. The other fellow

then produces his royal straight flush. This produces comment upon Miss Blazes (given name Helen), which rheumatism does also.

Diatomes never have rheumatism; but as the general reader is not presumed to know what a diatome is, this is not a fact of popular moment.

A fairly good way to obtain rheumatism is to read a newspaper fresh from the press, while the morning dew still hangs around it.

Another means is to "take cold." The person from whom it is taken rarely objects and never prosecutes.

Rheumatism can also be secured by persons who have a talent for it, who get wet in a rain or otherwise and allow the clothes to dry on the body.

It is good to have a stock of rheumatism in the house when a life insurance agent calls. If none is on hand it can be obtained by carrying said agent

bodily to the fourth story, dropping him out of the window, and then drinking nine iced lemonades without sticks.

A daisy rheumatism, so to speak, is found in the green sward, if the applicant will turn out to lie—on the grass in December.

Short-breathed persons can get a good, substantial rheumatism by processionizing on each centennial of Evacuation Day, which usually occurs on a rainy 24th of November.

As there is nothing particularly funny about rheumatism, it will be dropped here, with the reminder that it is "fun for the druggist but hardly for the patient."

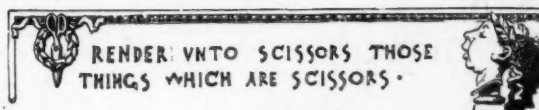
FRED. C. VALENTINE.

LINES

NOT BY A PROHIBITIONIST.

IF it be as we are told,
"In vino veritas,"
He should n't be blamed
Who taketh a glass.
For who should be blamed
When perhaps, forsooth,
He's only engaged
In seeking the truth.

EVERY inch a-ching—A man the day after he first puts on skates.



"ELLA" wants to know if we can tell her what the Knights of the Bath are? Usually Saturday nights, dear.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Miss Flight, "how dizzy I am! my head spins round like a top." "A very happy simile," remarked Fogg; "for everybody's head, you know, is atop.—*Boston Transcript*."

It is reported that amateur theatricals are becoming so popular that a theatre designed especially for that purpose will be erected in this city next season. It ought to be called "The Langtry."—*Daily Graphic*.

THE MEANNESS OF THE LONG ISLAND POLICE.

"SURE, man, your police take the biscuit for meanness," said Bryan McSwyny, O'Leary's bootmaker, to a friend from Long Island City. "How do you make it out, Bryan!" asked the Long Island man. "Sure, man, did n't they take a Rugg from a church!" was the reply.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Two old negroes become acquainted in a way that shames formality. Meeting for the first time, they look at each other. Then one remarks so the other can hear him:

"Doan' belebe I knows dat man, but his face is mighty 'miliar."
Then the other one says: "Seed dat man somewhar, but I kain't place him. Howdy do, generman?"

"Porely; how is it wid yesse'f?"
"Porely, thank yer. Whar does yer lib?"
"On de Pryor place. Whar does yerse'f 'zide?"
"On de Avery place. How's all yer folks?"
"Porely, thank yer; how's all wid yesse'f?"
"Porely, 'bleeged ter yer."

After this they are old acquaintances, and never fail to greet each other as friends.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A (NOT QUITE HARMONIOUS) SYMPOSIUM OF CRITICS.

From *The Critic and Good Literature's* notice of *A LATTER DAY SAINT*:

"When a story so worthless in all respects as *A LATTER DAY SAINT* appears with the imprint of reputable publishers, one hesitates whether to ignore or to denounce it. The book is not only naughty, but poor; not only wicked, but silly; not only unjust and unjustifiable, but uninteresting; not only bad, but stupid. The critic who is obliged to read a novel of Zola's does not feel himself seriously contaminated. But the reader of *A LATTER DAY SAINT* feels contaminated through and through with the low, petty, mean, base views of life that it presents. You may throw the book into the fire, but you cannot shake the dust of it from your soul."

From the *Nation's* notice of the same book:

"Opens happily a new series of American novels. Utters philosophy and sarcasm with a piquancy and good temper which recalls Thackeray's lighter manner without echoing it. The amusement afforded by the frank recital of a career glorious or inglorious, according to the point of view, is heightened in that of the conversation."

From the *N. Y. Tribune's* notice of the same book:

"It is deftly put together, its points are well made, and its implied satire is good. The cold and debased glitter which becomes such a story and such a heroine is well preserved throughout. There is not a little art in the consistency with which Ethel's heart of stone and forehead of brass are kept to the fore."

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close your eyes and put it in your pocket."—*Fliegende
Blätter.*

A RECENT London Despatch says that three hun-
dred Christians have been murdered in Tonquin.
We knew long ago that the race hereabout was get-
ting extremely scarce. So it seems they all went to
Tonquin. And now they are all murdered. This
is sad, very sad.—*Boston Transcript.*

"YES," she said to her escort as they glided around
the rink, "I do so love roller skating. When we are
sailing around this way my soul seems to be floating
away toward heaven, and ——" By some mistake
in the programme at this point both of her soles
floated away toward heaven while the rest of her
smote the earthly floor with a mighty smite.—*Bis-
mark Tribune.*

A MEMBER of the New York Phonetic Club writes
to this able and influential journal, asking us to "drop
the final ue in words so ending, and spell dialog,
epilog, etc., etc." Well, we kick. We are willing to
drop the ue to a limited extent, but when the New
York language club asks us to spell glue gl, we
protest.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?"

"Yes, George, I will?" she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A HARD SIGN TO PAINT.

"I SAY, Mr. Painter, can you do a job for me to-day?"

"Certainly, certainly; what is it?"

"I want a sign painted."

"All right; what kind of a sign?"

"A sign of rain."

[Exit, dodging a paint pot.]—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HARD TO SATISFY.

"PLEASE, sir," said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "No. 46 says there ain't no towel in his room." "Tell him to use one of the window curtains." "He says, too, there ain't no pillars." "Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head." "And he wants a pitcher of water." "Suffering Cyrus! but he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life." "Carry him up the horse pail." "He wants to know if he can have a light." "Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried on only one side or turned over?"—*Ex.*

THERE is precisely one cure for snoring, and it is to Sir Humphrey Davy that we owe its discovery. That eminent scientific person ascertained that snoring is due to an abnormal vibration of the chords of the larynx, and that this vibration occurs only when the surface of the larynx has become dry. A man who sleeps with his mouth open until his larynx has become dry by contact with the atmosphere is sure to snore. Sir Humphrey saw at once that in order to cure a snorer his larynx must be kept moistened or relaxed. He found by a series of experiments upon a Methodist preacher of unusual snoring powers that a piece of Castile soap inserted in the open mouth of the snorer effected an instant cure and ward off any further attack of snoring for at least twenty-four hours. Repeated applications of soap broke up the habit of snoring, and thus effected a permanent cure.

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